

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER, ILLUSTRATED.

THE FREE

PUBLISHED

"THE DOMINION"

LIMITED, THIS BEING ALL THE



LANCER.

BY

PUBLISHING CO.

BUSINESS THEY HAVE YET HAD.

MONTREAL, 13TH DECEMBER, 1867.

THE FREE LANCER.

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

In issuing our extra Christmas number, our readers will observe that, for this occasion, we have substituted for the portrait of our late Publisher and his well-known steed, that of the sporting editor of the *Gusher and Grand Trunk Grinder (Limited)*. This we have been compelled to do by the almost overwhelming demand made upon us. Other improvements will be noticed in the body of the work. We shall always endeavour, as we have hitherto done, to avoid anything that could be construed by the most sensitive into attacks of a personal kind, and it will be observed that in this Christmas number, issued at a time when every man should especially love his neighbour, that we have been even more guarded than usual. We attack systems, not men; we nothing exterminate, nor set down aught in molasses; we name no names; we are tender of raising the laugh against any man. Taking up public questions, we have treated them from a serious standpoint. In our *CENTURY BOOK*, which will shortly be published, will be found all the information that can be collected from every quarter, and which no man must dare to use without acknowledging the source from which he derived it. It is true that the figures contained in it are all taken from public documents, which are open to every man to use; but, as we have engaged, at a large expense, a Government clerk, who has nothing else to do, to get them copied out, we claim the copyright. Let no man infringe our patent. With a Harvey over it, there is no doubt the circulation will be closely watched, and any priggish will be met by a dose of Harvey's sauce. We are not of a promising turn, but the future will show what our performance will be. All the clerical news will be reported correctly, as we have engaged several *Parsons* to send us the news by *Telegraph*.

PARLIAMENTARY.—We have been requested to contradict the slanderous assertion that the time of the House of Commons had been needlessly and vexatiously occupied by the member for Montreal Centre delivering long speeches.

EXCITING LACROSSE MATCH.

TREMENDOUS CONTEST.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT & GREAT SPEECH

Knowing the great interest you take in the National Game, I avail myself of your usual kindness to procure the insertion of the report of a match, which has, unfortunately for the reading public and future generations of literary men, not been described by the *Sportive* Editor of the *Montreal Gusher*.

This oversight on his part may be forgiven, on account of the numerous engagements of this little man of large expectations, who not only edits the *Gusher* but writes loyal articles for other journals, and *Anti-British* sensational leaders for the *New York Herald*. Furthermore it may be urged, that on the occasion when this unfortunate oversight occurred, he was engaged in writing an elaborate account of the Montreal Lacrosse Club's Dinner, which took place the succeeding evening; and as it required an almost superhuman ingenuity to give an accurate report twenty-four hours before the dinner came off, he may be freely absolved, and permitted to regale himself on the remnant of yesterday's "copper gingerbread" and bottle of "root beer"—"thankful for these and succeeding favours."

The match so unwittingly overlooked by the Sporting Editor (?) rejoicing in the euphonious and somewhat Irish name of Lanigan, was one between the *Montreal Gusher* and the *Evening Talebearer*, for a solid silver ball, filled with lead, and was played a few days ago.

SPECTATORS.

On account of the early hour at which it took

place—five o'clock a.m.—the spectators were not so numerous as they might otherwise have been. The friends of the enterprising Editor, however, mustered in full force. The *great unwashed* "sham rogues" and real rogues, male and female, voluntarily exiled themselves from their loved narrow lanes and low back-yards, ornamented by irregular pools of beautiful green water, to honour the occasion with their presence, and be edified by the practical remarks of the *greatest living authority on a game he could not play*.

In this crowd of cheerful admirers with bland faces, made blander still by frequent draughts on Molson's Still, we distinguished some well known to us and many who had been presented at Court (Sexton's) and were spoiling for a "foight."

The appearance of the ladies was striking beyond all precedent, most of them wearing new calico gowns, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. The champion seemed deeply moved by their pathetic appeals and admiring glances, as they displayed their "foine milasses kakes" and "swate root beer," with a "stlick in it, shure." And who can blame him if he rewarded them for their admiration.

THE MATCH.

On one side were ranged all the composers, proof-readers, printers, news-boys and editors of the *Montreal Gusher*, under the leadership of the almost invisible champion of infantile proportions and youthful appearance, the "Printer's Pet"; whilst on the other, the same class of worthies representing the *Evening Talebearer*, under the distinguished direction of a gentleman of large pretensions, flourishing under the aristocratic name of Hibernian Mills, *alias* Bluebeard, *alias* Seedy-Jim, who always carried in one pocket an unpaid washerwoman's account, and on this occasion had in the other a report of the Montreal Gymnastic Club Soiree, together with three shillings and nine pence, borrowed from a friend, to pay for ticket for self and girl to said soiree.

Shortly after the appearance of your correspondent, the game commenced and was played wit

fits and starts, the latter produced by the brilliant shouts of the "barefaced leader," and the former confined to the same gentleman.

It is needless, and indeed impossible, to recount all the surprising feats displayed on the occasion, or to report accurately on the varied and varying fortunes of the day. By an almost uninterrupted succession of threats to expose, in the *Free Lance*, all opponents who would not let him do as he pleased, the "Game Chicken" succeeded in completely paralyzing them, and skilfully took three successive games by throwing the ball through the flags with his hand, thus securing victory. This style of playing, though novel, is indicative of progress, and much safer for players of the "Chicken's" standing, than throwing the ball home from the Lacrosse. The match being decided in favour of the "little giant," he became the acknowledged champion of "Printer's Devils" and possessor of the solid silver ball filled with lead, now known as "Lanigan's Ball."

After the excitement occasioned by this unexampled success and he had gracefully saluted all his lady friends—vendors of "*milasses cakes*"—the champion proceeded to address the assembled multitude in a strong voice which astonished all, as much as would the thunder of a full tone organ, it heard proceeding from a hurdy-gurdy.

LANIGAN'S SPEECH.

Fellow citizens (*cheers*) on this suspicious occasion (*laughter by the ladies*) I feel—ah—exceedingly flattened (*sensation*) by the kind reception—ah—you—ah—Have accorded (*here Lanigan looked at his manuscript, and resuming said.*) I was going to say (*yes, do*) accorded me (*loud cheering.*) I am a gentleman, (*a little urchin was struck for crying question,*) yes, a gentleman, and am thankful for the opportunity of—ah—eternally blasting—ah—(*cheers*) the—the—the (*prolonged applause, during which Lanigan wiped the perspiration from his face with a calico apron, and refreshed himself with some "suate root beer."*) As I said before, internally blasting (*new powder magazine F F I*) the characters of two contemptible fellows (*that's the talk*) who have dared to laugh at my criticisms on Lacrosse, (*cries of name the rillians*) their names are Middlemiss and Maltby—(*sensation*)—if nothing else deterred them from ridiculing me, the fact of what I have de—de—done for the game. (*Here the champion was quite overcome, and sobbed aloud for several minutes, the audience observing a solemn silence until he produced the holey apron, when they cheered lustily, and he continued.*) And for you, my down-trodden countrymen—(*tremendous excitement; an Orangeman knocked down, and all his oranges picked up by champion and friends, giving Lanigan another chance to look at his M.S., and an opportunity of refreshing himself with an orange gratis*)—but I'll be even with them. (*Bravo Erin-go-bragh*) I'll teach them that the man who (*cheers*) has done more for the game than any other in the Dominion (*applause*) is not to be slighted with impurity. (*Give it to the spalpeen.*) Have I not revived the game? (*You have, you have.*) Did I not organize all the Lacrosse Clubs in the country. (*As coorse ye did,*) Did I not originate the idea of a Lacrosse Convention at Kingston and carry it out in spite of the sneering article on the game of Boo in the *Montreal Herald*. (*Be me soul ye did*) And did I not go to Kingston once at the expense of the Government. (*Yes, I saw ye there,*

said Penitentiary Pat) And am I not the tallest, I mean highest, authority on the game. (*Ye are, be ghor.*) Fellow citizens, although I sometimes keep company with a Lowe fellow, I'm a gentleman, (*loud cheers,*) and I hate the men I named loyalty, (*harruo for Lanigan,*) and hope yet to see the day when the glorious stars and stripes, (*tremendous cheering,*) emblematic of liberty, shall float over our heads, and we can trample the Saxon flag beneath our feet (*Loud and continuous bellowing from the delighted hearers.*) At the conclusion of this memorable speech, the great unwashed gazed with fond admiration on their "*little hero.*"

"And still they stared, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

ON EXHIBITION.

The INFANT HERCULES will be exhibited for a few days only, when he will give an account of his labours and exhibit his CLUB, which he has carried through the Dominion. Although the INFANT HERCULES is so small, he is not so much deformed as many dwarfs are. Unfortunately, however, he shows a malicious temper, but he will be kept during the exhibition in an enclosed space, having a LOWE but stout door, which can be seen through.

To be seen at 67 Great St. James Street, where the Grand Trunk organ is played.



GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR.

MIND AND MUSCLE

The Bantam Chick is open to an offer to write on any subject, on any side, in any language, in any character or without any character, for any consideration. The B. C. will undertake to organize any national game in the course of a summer. (N. B.—All the credit must be given to the B. C. in event of success. If there should be a failure, the blame must rest with the stupid members.) Goose Clubs organized on the shortest notice.

Apply to Master Lanigan, at the Publishing Company's Office, where his manly form may be seen every day, concocting loyal touches for the *Montreal Gusher*, or treasonable trash for the *New York Herald*.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are three marriageable daughters like three kegs of gunpowder?

Ans.—Because they only want matches or sparks to go off.

(The above is from our Methodist Stockholder.)

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS.

Present—Chief Justice Curse-all.

The Court opened this morning in the usual way. A gentleman in black, of grave appearance and stately strut, advanced, crying—"woe yeah," "woe yeah," "woe yeah," in tones of thunder, (similar to those Nelson used in compelling the surrender of the French.) At this startling announcement the incessant hum of the talkative crowd was hushed to stillness, so that you might have heard a pin drop. As no one present but your correspondent was worth a pin, and he fortunately left all his in the *Gusher* bowling alley before he set out on his pins to Court, everybody felt relieved that nobody was pinned for contempt. In accordance with the usual custom, the judge satisfied himself about the order of business, and then ordered the prisoners to appear.

Sandy Steven's son was first placed in the dock, on a charge of cruelty to animals. The indictment contained two real Counts—one of riding his charger to death, contrary to militia orders, which do not require so great a display of devotion to the service, and the other, withholding nourishment from a poor Irish boy who was dyeing for his sweetheart, and before whom he made an ass-halt three times.

Attorney General Ramshorn conducted the case for the Crown, and Lawyer Cow-hide defended the accused.

Attorney General Ramshorn, in opening the case, briefly stated he found the prisoner in an unfortunate box, but not wishing to do more than duty required he would call the witnesses.

Champion Goose was the first witness called, and being duly sworn reluctantly testified as follows:—I am Champion Goose, the only son of Mr. Grey Goose, grazier. I follow the same profession as my father. My establishment is at Logan's firm. I know the prisoner at the bar. Barring his benignant countenance and clean shirt collar, which he did not wear last time I saw him, he is the very same man now. He wore a long-tailed blue coat, stuffed with straw in front, and covered with brass buttons behind, it had a stiff green collar, ornamented with a large quill from my establishment. Round his throat the motto—"A piat won't hurt you." A "Quixotic" helmet, with flowing porker's tail, graced his cranium. Waist encircled by an extravagant belt of seasoned haggis skins, with a pair of heavy glass pistols, capable of holding at least eight gills each. He frequently raised these weapons to his mouth in a threatening manner. A handsome brass-mounted rapier dangled at his side, made of the best Cornwall tin, and he wore a (window) sash across his body from right shoulder to left hip. His understandings were short, the length being made up by heavy felt top boots, with a pair of splendid three-inch spikes driven through the toes, lengthwise, to remind the horse that Canada expects every man and animal to do its duty. I saw prisoner canting on the field. He fell once over the horse's head, when it knelt down, and once over its tail when it rose up. The last time prisoner fell the horse fell under him, wearing the expression on its face, "I die happy." (Great sensation.)

Lawyer Cow-hide, after first pulling his sister whisker, with bleating look, proceeded to cross question witness "for a consideration."

Lawyer—Hem-hem-ah-hem, you say you know the prisoner at the bar?

Witness—I do.

Lawyer—How long have you known him?

Witness—From his youth, up, (one flight of back stairs.)

Lawyer—Is he a mild man?

Witness—Mild as new milk.

Lawyer—Did the horse bear a good character?

Witness—He generally bore a *character* at review, but cannot say whether he was good or not.

Lawyer—Was the horse tricky?

Witness—He never made any tricks to my knowledge.

Lawyer—Do you think the charger would have lived longer if it had not died on the field of duty? remember you are on oath

Witness—It might have lived longer if it had not died sooner, and then again it might not.

Lawyer—What leads you to suppose it might not?

Witness—Because its appearance for several weeks has been weakly.

Lawyer—Did it look pale?

Witness—Not very, but I saw it through a paling.

Lawyer—How did it come to its last end?

Witness—It died before it reached that Prisoner wanted to stop the horse, so he "wce yead," just like the gentleman in black who opened the Court, and the horse nay, neighed without minding its rider, so he just drew a pistol and raised it to his head, and after a few minutes deliberation returned it to his belt, and bracing himself up in the saddle kicked the horse, and it kicked the bucket.

Lawyer—You are sure it was not a *pail*?

Witness—Quite sure.

Lawyer—That will do.

The next witness called was a young Irishman. He refused to swear, being a "Quaker," but testified on his word of honour as follows:—Moy name is Barney O'Lanigan. I come from the ould country, county Kerry, but I'm a native of this place at the present time, an may it plaze yer honner—

Atty. Genl. Ramshorn—(With a crooked look) Now, my good man, tell us all you know about the unfortunate affair.

Barney—I will sur. Shure I was jist crosin' the fields, yisthirday, on moy way to the house where I was giving a ball, sur, "Lanigan's Ball," sur, an' I had a shtick in moy han', sur, an' a noice paice uv imirild ribbou in moy hat, sur, an' I had jist reached the middle uv the fauld, sur, whin, t'under and houn's, I see—sawed—I mane, sur, I've lift all moy grammar with the ould Dominay, *paice to his soul*, for I'm thinkin' he's dead afore this. As I was sayin' I reached the sinter uv the fauld, where there is the beautifuiest pound, jist loike O'Connors at home, sur, whin I saw the purtiest sowlejaers I ivir met this soide the wather, an' a toine looking boy was a laidin' uv thim, an' jist as they raiched me he cried, halt! an' shure none uv thim halted, but one who was a cripple, an' the rest stud still. An' he galluped about, an' thinks I, me bhoys, you've had a dhrop too much an' shure enuff he had, sur, for he towld the min to dhress, an' thim all dhressed, uately, too, d'ye mind, but they knew his failliu', an' did'nt stbir any more thin Phil McGarvey at his owu wake, sur. So he turned round to me, an' was jist goin' to say, Barney, me bhoys, hev' a dhrop uv

potheen, whin the grey horse, what was a mare, au' may it plaze yer honner, shpied the green ribbind, an' immediately fell down on its knees at the blissed soight, dropping the Major gintly into the und pound to break his fall or neck. The Major immediately bestrid his mare agin, and guv sich a kiek that it fell down an' died for its counthry's wrongs. An' I cried shame on ye, because he did'nt give me a dhrop uv the erathur at all, at all, fur the ould dhrop was that uv the Major. An' the Major cried, "limber up," but the poor ould baste would'nt sthir, for she wusn't limber, and her limbs wur rigid. Ahon? ahree!

Lawyer Cow-hide here cros-questioned O'Lanigan.

Do you know the prisoner at the bar?

Witness—I've oftetu met him at Tim Finnegan's bar.

Lawyer—Did you say he kicked the horse?

Witness—Faith au' he did, sur.

Lawyer—And did the horse kick?

Witness—Divil a bit athtur it wus dead, sur.

Lawyer—That will do, O'Lanigan.

Witness—Thank yer honner.

This closed the case for the Crown, and there being no witnesses for the defence, Atty. Genl. Ramshorn rose, and in a brilliant speech of two hours showed the guilt of the prisoner, which was evident on his uniform, closing with the thrilling quotation—"If he's dead he's dead and there's an end on it"

Lawyer for defence declined to defend himself, and denounced his client in unmeasured terms.

So the unfortunate Steven's son was fined one shilling and costs, with a reprimand never again to appear in court with so much Western assurance.

PRIZE POEM \$0000 00.

Kaledonia Society.

Air—"Scots wi' hay."

Come all ye gallant lovers who never pay your bills,

On account of the example of Aromatic Mills.

A story I'll relate, but it must not make you weep,

Lest it cost you three and ninepence at one fell sweep.

CHORUS.

Sing Sandy Stevenson, now you've got the chance, sir,

I'll render you immortal by my gallant, gay Free Lancer.

I was a punning Scribbler, and went to see the sights

At the private exhibition of the young Gymnastic Knights;

When, horror to relate, a table there was spread, And all began to eat before I got my bread.

CHORUS.

Sing Barney Lanigan, like a humming bee, The grapes were none the worse because you got them free.

Insulted by the outrage, the colour left my face, And I seized my hat and girl, determined to retrace

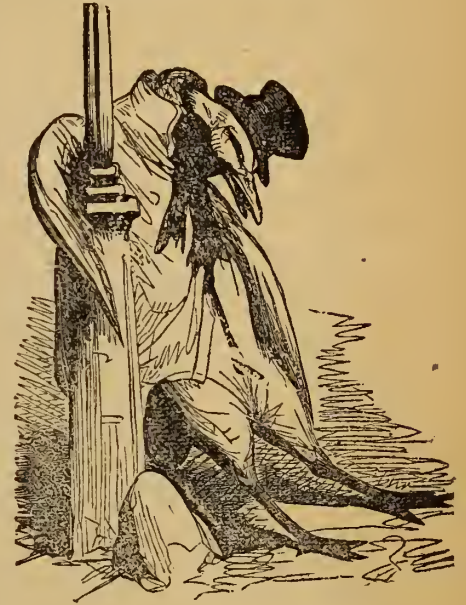
My steps from such society, with all its youthful blades,

So I rushed for consolation to the door of *Dakers Shades*.

CHORUS.

Chuckle brother *Romeo*, worthy co-trustee, We'll keep the *thousand dollars* and have a jolly spree.

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARX.—The state of demoralization into which our sporting Editor, the "Game Chickien," has been reduced is pitiable. The loss of the cue has affected him seriously, a severe attack of cue-taneous disorder having supervened, when he found that the champion could not come up to the *scratch*. The accompanying illustration, from a photograph by Noman, will, better than words, convey an idea of his condition.



The "Game Chickien," Editor of the *Gusher*, after the loss of the Cue.

THE PROGRESS OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

(From the *Montreal Gusher*, or *Grand Trunk Grinder*, (Limited).)

We predicted some time ago, as every one in the Dominion, from our immense circulation, must remember, that in event of an increase of imports paying a high rate of duty, we should have an increase of revenue, but that if there was a decrease in the importations, with a low rate of duty, then there would be a falling off. By reference to our *WEAK BOOK* (published at one cent for eight copies, a large reduction for those taking a quantity) it will be seen that our foresight has been triumphantly vindicated. It is most unpleasant for us to refer to ourselves, or to what we have done for the universe, and our large circulation will show how highly our efforts have been appreciated, no less than four trunk-makers carving an honest livelihood by taking our spare copies at a penny a pound; but we cannot help pointing out how unfairly we have been treated by men who have been building up their reputation on the facts we have given to the world in our *WEAK BOOK*. The reputation of Sir Robert Peel, the credit he has obtained for financial ability, and which is still claimed for him by his representatives, would soon be reduced to their proper level, were we to tell how much he is indebted for the facts on which he based his proposals, to our *WEAK BOOK*, in which even the very line of policy which he followed out will be found. In spite of our warnings, poor Pereire would go on to organize the *Credit Mobilier*, although we pointed out to him clearly, and showed him in our *WEAK BOOK* the figures proving it,

that if he lost money he would not gain any, and that if his institution met with a succession of heavy losses, the Directors would be obliged to pay a dividend out of capital, if they were foolish enough to pay anybody anything, and had money enough left to do it with.

The whole history of *spoons* is known to us, there have been so many stirring about our establishment, and evidence of this can easily be obtained by an inspection of our **WEAK BOOK**. Why then did not Ben Butler, Butler the Beast, come to us, if he was looking for *spoons*? But no. He would perversely go to New Orleans, where besides abstracting the silver ware, he had the audacity to attack the golden haired belles of the South. He might have obtained information in the **WEAK BOOK** regarding the female population there. The daughters of the Sunny South are girls of *spirit*, and will not suffer themselves to be shut up by such a *Butler*. Under the head of **RUM** galls, in our **WEAK BOOK** will be found the history of the strength with which they resisted the base, brutal and bloody, &c. The strength will be found to be much above proof, according to Sykes' hydrometer, and is in tabular form in our **WEAK BOOK**.

We need not enumerate further. We have been cruelly used. Articles identified with ourselves—a muff for instance, which people involuntarily associate with our writings—an ass, which no one who looks into our columns can fail to notice—have been made use of by others, but we shall never cease to claim credit for the ass in our **WEAK BOOK**.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are requested to inform our friends that the drawing of the Pedestrian Club Steeple Chase, so much admired, was produced by the application of Snow.

TRUSTEES WANTED

For the Montreal Lacrosse Club, to hold balance of money on hand, *permanently*. Apply at the office of the *Free Lancer*.

REMARKS.

We would present the claims of the gentlemen who have *so permanently* invested the Montreal Gymnastic Club's money. They may be seen at twelve o'clock daily at the office of Romeo, St. Francevaugh Shaver Street.

NATURAL HISTORY.

It is well known to zoologists that the poisonous class of snakes and other reptiles, discharge the poison from their fangs before eating, so as to avoid swallowing it with the saliva, and so injuring themselves with the means of offence they use against their enemies.

P——s they say is suffering sore;
His life's a thread that's very brittle.
What is the matter with him pray?
Poor wretch! he's swallowed his own spittle.

STREET SCENE

Little St. James Street, 10 A. M.

FIRST CLERK—How are you Charley? I was introduced to Miss Campbell last night.

LITERARY LAWYER—Nonsense. Then you're the very man I've been looking for—Campbell's last man.

THE GUTTLLING MEMBER.

I know a man of diminutive fame,
That came on the scene but last November,
Who has gained an epicurean fame,
He's the would-be guttling, guzzling member.

He would give Lord Monek the pay of a prince,
And *Gazette* his feasts and feasts like winking,
If he would his gratitude but evince
By giving him plenty of eating and drinking.

He's "limited," lean and hungry—hence
His politics are rather seedy,
And he fain would feed at others expense,
He's a sort of a Master Justice Greedy.

To pay for his feed, it gives him pain,
He would rather the Governor General paid it
He's a supernumerary "Chamberlain,"
And would be a cook if he could get it.



The Model Billiard Player, from the original, by the Rev Geo. D—gl—s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIBLE-CLASS STUDENT.—Yes. We believe Col. David had a sling that night.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—It is calumny. John D—g—ll did *not* appear as a dressed hog at the Skating Rink.

VETERINARY.—Oh, dear no. The Major has only one; it is white and a horse. He is determined "*nae mair* to ride on fields of war." The black steed he rode once or twice last summer was one of Morton's best. The reason this was not known at the time was because Osborne Morton kept dark.

A LAW STUDENT.—It is decidedly improper for a Q. C. to appear before the Recorder and plead his own cause without his silk gown. It is no excuse that he has been locked up all night. One of the officers of the station would have gone for it, if civilly asked.

RAMSHORN.—Decidedly. You have a good case. No more damaging epithet could be applied to any man, than that of Q. C., and there is no doubt it would ruin your practice, if the impression went abroad that you were made one in the last batch.

VOLUNTEER.—Yes. The Minister of Militia has intimated his intention of making Mr. H. J. C——k Adjutant-General for the Dominion, as representing the Canghnawaga Indians, by whom he was appointed chief. It is not true he has been sent for by the Queen to supersede Lord Derby.

A PATRIOT.—Not yet determined. The Privy Council have had the matter under serious consideration, but there is some difficulty about the transport of the white horse, without which the Major cannot go into action. A hobby horse has been offered in lieu of it; and, as the Major is anxious to go to Abyssinia with the right wing of the battery, the British Government is hopeful that he will accept this substitute. If he closes with the offer, the campaign will be closed at once. Major A. A. S. will probably be appointed Commander-in-Chief, General Napier having expressed his wish to serve as second in command under so distinguished an officer.

A TAX-PAYER.—1. Yes, Councillor B—rn—rd has extracted the fangs of the conspirators against the peace and pence of the public. 2. You are perfectly correct, his original title was Count Pooltuski, but getting down in the mouth, he emigrated, dropped the title and picked up a wig. 3. You are wrong, he is rich, we may say emphatically he makes a large income—*by gum*.

NATIONAL GAME.—The sporting editor is not to be stuffed and hung by the heels outside of McGibbon's, with other national game. He has been engaged by a ready-made tailoring establishment to display the more juvenile garments, the present wax figures being rather large for the purpose.

BEAUMARNOIS.—Poor fellow, your late member having lost his head has not fallen on his feet. The unfortunate man was dubbed Q. C. lately, and consequently lost any little practice he had.

ENTOMOLOGIST.—The letters Q. C. do not mean "queer choice," nor yet "curious cuss." The last supposition could only emanate from an illiterate man. The meaning of the letters is obscure, and their application of a very *questionable character*.

CLERICUS.—No, the sporting and religious departments are kept separate, the latter being under the management of our clerical stockholders, who are careful to preserve public propriety by denouncing billiards in the columns devoted to the interests of religion.

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